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"THE TROUBLE WITH CRUSADES"

AN EDITORIAL

the

Commonweal

JOHN A. LUKACS

THE POLICY OF CONTAINMENT

DAVID CORT

FACES OF TREASON

PHILIP BURNHAM
WAYNE ANDREWS

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

THE TROUBLE WITH CRUSADES

WHEN, in his acceptance speech before the Republican National Convention, General Eisenhower summoned his party to a "great crusade" to drive from power a party "grown arrogant and corrupt" during too long tenure of office, he may not have realized the full implications of his invitation. The "crusade" phrase probably suggested itself to him out of his long personal experience with military efforts which could properly be characterized by that highsounding word, and its transfer to his new political sphere may have seemed a harmless enough piece of oratory.

But the General's call for a political "crusade" seems destined to haunt him during his campaign. It underlines the doubt which may give serious pause to millions of independent voters who would be willing to trust the country's future to the General, but who fear the forces which an Eisenhower victory would bring to power along with it.

The trouble with crusades is that they are necessarily total. And this, again necessarily, limits the extent of their applicability in the affairs of men. Few human endeavors are so clear-cut in their objectives or so either-or in their constitution that they admit the genuine crusade's complete singlemindedness. This is particularly true in the realm of politics.

Here matters are seldom black or white, they are almost always gray, and there cannot be a gray crusade. The much courted "independent voter" is one who realizes this permanently imperfect color of political reality, and who chooses his candidates from the various parties accordingly. He knows that political virtue, like political vice, is bipartisan. He will therefore refuse to enlist in a one-tracked crusade for the *total* victory of a particular party. If he desires General Eisenhower's election in November, for example, he will probably also trust that it will be an election marked by the defeat of a good many of the members of the General's own party. And if he decides to support Governor Stevenson he will probably reject a good many of the less savory elements attached to the Democratic party. It will be only because he rejects the "crusade" concept that he will be able, in good conscience, to vote for either candidate.

The General himself must be acutely aware of the liabilities he incurred when he assumed the leadership of the GOP. These liabilities must be even more plain to him since he heard the recent answers of Senator Dirksen and Senator McCarthy to the criticism directed their way by Governor Stevenson —not to speak of the increasingly embarrassing pronouncements of his own running-mate, the junior Senator from California.

It is reported that the problem of what to do about such dubious knights as the Senators Jenner, McCarthy, Kem, and Cain is a major source of confusion and concern at the Crusade Headquarters. Here the planners face a terrible dilemma: if the Eisenhower "crusade" is to have any meaning at all, then a sizable number of Republican army regulars must be issued dishonorable discharges before it can even start, but if this were done (and it would constitute a revolution in partisan politics) then Governor Stevenson's diagnosis of Republicanism as a "hopeless case of political schizophrenia" would stand verified for all the world to see.

THE way out of the dilemma facing the GOP may be sought in pretending that it doesn't exist. This pleasant illusion would be established more easily if men like Wayne Morse, Cabot Lodge, James Duff, and the General himself could only stop men like Joseph McCarthy, Everett Dirksen, "Curly" Brooks, and, it now seems, Richard Nixon, from saying things which remind the nation of that Republicanism which is supposed to have disappeared with the Eisenhower nomination.

Since this cannot be done, it would be well to realize that the idea of a "crusade" is the impossible vision it was foredoomed to be. Quite apart from the question of victory or defeat for the General in November, the necessity remains of electing a decent Senate and Congress. This makes the defeat of a large number of the members of the General's party, as well as the defeat of some Democrats, a matter of national interest.

If this is done, then the country can feel secure in the leadership of either Presidential aspirant. But

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it can be accomplished only through the increasing exercise of electoral independence. This, rather than undiscriminating "crusades," is what the country needs this year.

FREE AIR

JAMES A. WECHSLER is the editor of the N. Y. *Post*, a daily newspaper which yields not even to Harry Truman in its devotion to the principles of the New and Fair Deals. A crusading liberal publication, the *Post* has its lighter side, too; perhaps in an effort to show that reformers are not necessarily stuffy, the liberalism of the *Post* is accompanied by an approach to sex-in-the-news which can only be called enthusiastic.

By and large, editors tend to be rather anonymous figures, but Mr. Wechsler lately has been himself figuring in the news. Messrs. Lait and Mortimer, who are responsible for *U.S.A. Confidential*, think they were libelled to the extent of one million dollars by the *Post's* treatment of themselves and their opus and filed suit accordingly.

In the course of Mr. Wechsler's testimony on this matter, it was brought out that he had, at the age of eighteen and while an undergraduate at Columbia, joined the Young Communist League and that he had remained a member for three and one-half years. Perhaps in an effort to make up for this youthful error, Mr. Wechsler has since been outspokenly anti-Communist, and fellow editors who differ with his New Deal editorial policies are equally vigorous in insisting that Wechsler is strongly, even vociferously, anti-Communist.

Mr. Wechsler's youthful fling with the Communists was really not news, since he had never made a secret of it. Nevertheless, the Hearst paper in New York, the *Journal-American*, ran the story on page one as if it were a sensational disclosure. Ironically enough, although the story was not signed, *Time* magazine reported that it was written by Howard Rushmore, formerly of the *Daily Worker* and until 1940 a member of the Communist Party.

If the story about Wechsler was really old stuff, it was evidently news to some people. Wechsler had been appearing on a TV panel called "Starring the Editors." After the Hearst story appeared, editor Wechsler was unceremoniously dropped from the program by its sponsor, the Grand Union grocery chain. Wechsler had, the sponsor explained, become a "controversial figure," and, despite the protests of the other editors, he was out.

Certainly the future of this particular TV program is of no great moment, and Wechsler would be the first to say that his personal stake in this matter is not important. But as a symbol of a dangerous trend, the case is important.

Wechsler is an outspoken champion of civil liberties, interracial justice, and the rights of labor. As an articulate liberal, he has stepped on a good many toes in his day. But when these facts make him so controversial that he can no longer appear on television, it is a sad day for America.

The present tendency in the U. S. is to close ranks in the face of the Soviet threat. The threat is real, but the country is not defended by demanding a lifeless, washed-out sort of uniformity in which no man may differ from his neighbor.

The growing tendency to glorify the orthodox poses the real danger that one day the out-of-the-ordinary opinion may look like subversion and the deviation from the popular like near-treason. It is undoubtedly easy to exaggerate this danger, and it has been done. But when a highly articulate opponent of Communism is banned because he is considered a "controversial figure," it is time to call a halt. Not freedom but its opposite is best served by such methods.

NEXT WEEK

RICHARD HAYES writes an appreciation of Colette, the French novelist.

"How much she knows, this old Colette, now almost eighty and with 'immortality looming,' still living and writing in her beloved Paris! She is without illusion—she is almost hard; she seems never really to have believed in human happiness, but only, like Flaubert, in tranquillity. Yet her art has celebrated, as surely as any of this century, a knowledge of the world's beauty and delight; it has rendered the highest kind of justice to the life of nature, recording not only the glory, but also the taint of inadequacy, of human hopelessness, which poisons its sweetest springs."

LABOR DAY, 1952

PERHAPS the most notable thing about Labor Day in 1952 is its respectability. In the last twenty years the labor union has gained enormously not only in membership but in public esteem. No longer is it taken for granted that a union officer is necessarily suspect, likely to be either a hoodlum or a radical.

This year, as usual, Labor Day will be marked by civic ceremonies and, thanks to the efforts of a few valiant pioneers, by special Labor Day Masses

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offered all over the country. All these events will be attended by civic and social notables, and it will be hard to distinguish the crowds present from any gathering of the American Legion, Knights of Columbus or Holy Name Society.

Yet for all their new-found respectability, unions still do not act just the way some citizens would like them to behave. Most Americans, who like to feel that they are non-partisan in the disputes between labor and management, are often hard pressed to understand the reasoning of union leaders. Despite inflation and the Soviet Union, life is infinitely more comfortable in many ways than it was in 1932. The average citizen is inclined to wonder a little why the union leaders can't take it easy, why they can't relax once in a while.

One important reason for this lack of understanding is obvious. As a group, labor men have long memories, too many of them unpleasant, and by and large these memories are not shared by the rest of us. Apparently innocuous names and phrases summon up dread images from labor's past which union leaders always fear may still return.

To the union man, the map of America is dotted with names which mark the spots where the martyrs of the labor movement fell. To the man on the street, Kentucky may bring to mind nothing more than Barkley, bourbon and the Derby, but to the union man it will recall the violence and sudden death that explain why Harlan County is still called Bloody Harlan County. Republic may be just another steel company to the rest of us; to the labor man the name evokes images of union men shot down in front of a South Chicago plant, and not so many years ago either.

So it goes. To the average citizen, Pinkerton may be just another private detective agency. To the labor leader, the name will serve as a generic term for the labor-spy industry, whose business in past years ran to millions of dollars annually. To most Americans, Remington Rand may mean office machines; to the labor leader it will bring memories of a violent and bitterly fought strike, and he is less likely to think gratefully of the fact that General MacArthur has a job there than he is to remember Remington Rand as the originator of one of the most famous of all strike-breaking plans.

To most people, the mention of a company town may make them think only a gentle sort of paternalism, not really too unpleasant. But the union man will think of those drab towns where the company owned and controlled everything, from homes and stores to streets and meeting-places. He will remember that it was in a company town that the then Secretary of Labor of the United States, Frances Perkins, could speak only from the one place in town that was not company-controlled—the steps of the Federal postoffice.

For the men in the labor movement, all these and countless more names and phrases are heavy with memories which those outside simply do not share. Like so many sharp pickets, each bitter memory stands in the way of mutual understanding.

It is not easy for any man to shed his memories. For the union leader it is especially hard. After decades of anti-labor court decisions and biased law-enforcement officers, unions have in recent years flourished. But labor leaders have few illusions about their success. They know unions grew to their present proportions largely because the political party in power was sympathetic to their cause. They know what would be likely to happen to their now-swollen membership, if a business recession hit while an unfriendly political regime was in office.

Labor leaders know how tough things can be, because they have been through such times before. They cannot kill their memories of labor's long yesterdays completely. But they would have more success in putting them behind them if they felt sure the hired strike-breakers, the spies, and the paralysis by injunction were not also in labor's tomorrows. Until they have that assurance, the ghosts of labor's history will sit at every bargaining table, and memories of the past will die hard.

EISENHOWER IN DIXIE

THE announcement that General Eisenhower plans to campaign in the South may not be particularly good news for the Democrats, but it is encouraging news for the country. The traditional solidity of the Southern vote can be a matter for rejoicing only to those who place partisan interest above the national welfare.

It is true that with the possible exception of Texas, the Republicans stand only an outside chance of capturing any Southern electoral votes this year, but the fact that they are conceded even this chance is an indication that the days of one-party rule in Dixie may be nearing an end. And whether or not the General's effort wins any votes, it will almost certainly have value in hastening the maturity of effective opposition politics in the South.

In the long run, the Democratic party would benefit from this as much as a strengthened Republicanism. One of the Democrats' greatest weaknesses is the burden of their long-entrenched Southern faction. A truly healthy democracy demands effective two-party competition. The General's Dixie campaign may mark its final, long-awaited birth in the South.

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LIKED—NOT WELL LIKED

IN the movies the good natives always admire the Americans without question. When a suspicious or sullen native appears on the scene you know it is because he has been poisoned against our guys by the bad guys.

We have grown up on that legend and it is still hard for us to see how anyone can really know us and not like us. Still we can no longer deny that we are not the beloved characters in Europe that we used to like to think we were. Clearly we are not as liked, that is *well-liked,* as we think we should be.

It would not do to exaggerate this. We are not actually despised. The feeling is much less dynamic than that; it is not so much active hatred as passive dislike.

Probably no people has ever been as anxious to be liked, that is to be *well-liked,* as we Americans. To some degree, individually and collectively, we all share the salesman's dream. It is too well established a part of the capitalist mystique to be put aside easily, and hard for us to accept the situation as it is. Whether the Europeans are as crazy about us as we would like them to be, or as diffident as they actually are, is not politically all-important. Still it is worth talking about. It wouldn't do for us to become a nation of illusion-ridden Willy Lomans.

During the past decade the position of the United States in the world has changed radically. We are now the most powerful nation on earth. We are also the richest. Practically all of Western Europe is largely dependent upon us. We have moved in all over with our armies and airplanes and war equipment. To many Europeans it seems that we are omnipresent.

Our young servicemen, on leave or duty abroad, are numerous and unmistakable. During the vacation months American civilians take over the best European hotels, bars, resorts, traveling facilities, in ever-increasing numbers. This, of course, is good for business and we are officially very welcome indeed, but it is hard on personal relationships.

Too many foreigners anywhere (especially when the foreigners are comparatively rich and overly given to making invidious comparisons) and natives begin to feel put upon: you can set that down as a truism, good anywhere, any time. One can imagine the reaction here if groups of Italian soldiers, say, swaggered down Fifth Avenue, with enough money in their pockets to turn the heads of silly young girls, while our own GI's, underpaid, wandered around alone. (That in reverse is now a common sight in Rome.)

It is not hard to predict how Americans would respond if European tourists came over here—several hundred thousand of them at a time—and were not especially careful about our feelings and pride, were irreverent about our traditions and often openly scornful about our way of doing things. Add to this unpleasant supposition that these European visitors consciously, sometimes boastingly, represented a "have" nation and we were painfully, acutely aware that we were "have-nots." Then suppose that, whatever our personal annoyances, we simply had to acknowledge that we were ultimately dependent upon them and in the cold light of survival had no choice but to welcome their presence. We would probably react to the situation about the same way the Europeans do.

Understandably, we are still not used to our new role of world leadership. Nothing in American history or tradition has prepared us for it. Until just a few years ago our most cherished desire was to stay at home without being bothered or bothering anyone else. Suddenly we find ourselves involved all over the world, our GI's as far-flung as British Tommies in the last century. Perhaps the Europeans are right when they see in our behavior abroad some of the gaucheries of the *nouveaux riches.*

On the one hand, it seems to them that we are desperately determined to be acknowledged and found acceptable; on the other, we give evidences of secretly suspecting that maybe these critical Europans are right in emphasizing our cultural deficits. They find us rude and demanding and unduly suspicious—and then overly intimate, almost childishly eager for praise and approval. We are, they tell us, often boastful and foolishly patronizing—and then careless about our public behavior, irresponsible about what kind of an impression of our country we give them.

A people with an imperialistic background would probably not worry too much about being "accepted." They would insist on outward recognition and then consign their critics to the role of "natives," whose opinion in any case would matter very little. The old-fashioned imperialist abroad usually remained aloof, supercilious, untouchable. The American abroad makes it embarrassingly clear that he wants to be liked—to be thought of as an ordinary guy among ordinary guys. But perhaps lack of popularity is one of the prices that must be paid for the kind of superiority and leadership we now enjoy, if "enjoy" is the word for it.

Over there you hear complaints that we act as if the rest of the world had been turned into a servants-quarters for the American estate. Over here you hear complaints that the Europeans aren't grateful for all we are doing for them. It seems that we have to face up to the fact that we can't have universal popularity and expect gratitude at the same time. If we insist on both, we get neither.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Policy of Containment

A CRITIQUE OF THE POLITICAL STRATEGY EMPLOYED BY THE UNITED STATES IN THE COLD WAR

JOHN A. LUKACS

NO particular inside information or perspective is necessary to find that the decisive turn of American foreign policy away from wartime plans and hopes and towards resisting the Soviet Union was made some time between September 1946 and February 1947. The change was soon manifest in two important national commitments, the announcement of the Truman Doctrine in March and of the Marshall Plan in June.

Somewhat later it became known that the article by "X" in the July 1947 issue of *Foreign Affairs* almost amounted to the official American analysis of the sources of Soviet conduct, as it was soon revealed (with perhaps unnecessarily speedy indiscretion) that the author of the article was Mr. George F. Kennan of the Department of State. The policy of "containment" rested on the analysis of that now famous article.

"Containment" had two basic factors which seemed in 1947 to complement each other. That the security of the United States requires the independence of Western, Southern Europe and of certain marginal areas of Asia is a truth, a postulate, an axiom which, often obscured and forgotten through the warm haze of national politics and ideological debates, emerged first in 1917 and became finally and officially accepted in 1947. The second factor in "containment" was the assumption, also in 1947, that after thirty years of smoldering and external restrictions, it was now the unredeemed, ideological, revolutionary zeal and fire of the Soviets which turned out to be the paramount peril and the primary fact on the international scene.

These two arcs of thought seemed logically to join together and support each other in 1947, for that year, with the ruthless and rapid incorporation of the satellites, the frontiers of the Russian sphere stretched menacingly and rigidly forward from northernmost Europe to the Mediterranean, from Finnmark Province to Stettin, Trieste and the Grammos Mountains. What remained of Europe was exactly the traditional marginal area which the United States deemed necessary for her strategic Atlantic defense.

Mr. Lukacs is a member of the faculty of La Salle College in Philadelphia. He has written widely on political questions in the New York Times Magazine and elsewhere.

Now the idea that Western and Southern Europe had to be preserved and defended was indisputable. "It is clear," wrote Mr. Kennan, "that the main element of any American policy toward the Soviet Union must be that of a long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies." Hence the name given to the policy.

ANALYSIS, then, had to be translated into practical policy. Five years ago, American diplomacy established two short-range and two long-range postulates:

(1) The Soviets were ready to take Western Europe, now that Eastern Europe was gone; American intervention was imperative.

(2) The Soviets' revolutionary zeal provided a new variety of aggression, that from within: to counter this, first the economies of Western Europe's states had to be bolstered and later their resistance increased with stiffening given by American military aid.

The long-range postulates were these:

(3) If this could be adequately done, then in a few years (in 1947, 1952-53 was being envisaged) a largely reconstructed Western Europe with its industrial production and manpower and with the knowledge of potential American support would be able effectively to counterbalance Soviet power in Europe.

(4) This might ultimately lead to a more propitious state of affairs, when in Europe the Soviets and not the West would be on the defensive; and while the emergence of a strong Western Europe would increase American security and reduce American military commitments, it could also produce gradual and attractive results as far as Eastern Europe was concerned.*

* Before trying to discern the evolution of "containment" I should like to point at two shortcomings in these original postulates. They failed to establish a relationship between American capacities and commitments in Europe and those in Asia and from this failure to establish the flexible proportions of a two-ocean diplomacy (I purposely wish to avoid the glib and imprecise term of "global strategy") many Asiatic troubles resulted. They also failed to perceive that Germany, both because of her geographic position astride the division line and because of her great political-military potential should have had a very specific and unique place in the "containment" scheme. From both of these defaults, and especially from the second, Russian diplomacy at the time of this writing potentially prospers.

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SINCE 1943 the Soviets have advanced. The fate of Eastern Europe's smaller nations was practically sealed by the time of Yalta. Whatever happened to them since was but the logical consequence of the division of Europe which occurred when the Western and Eastern armies met in the center of the continent.

The tragic element in this division was that the Russians regarded it as permanent and self-explanatory, whereas Americans originally thought it to be not much more than a temporary demarcation line based on momentary military expediencies. This was a costly misunderstanding. The Russians at once proceeded with the step-by-step but swift incorporation of Eastern Europe into their orbit. This process, presently nearing completion, encompasses the history of Eastern Europe from 1945 onward. The international repercussions of this historical process were altogether surprisingly slight.

By 1947 American diplomatic illusions about the fate of Eastern Europe were rapidly disappearing. By "illusions" is meant the widely shared and officially accepted belief which prevailed from 1942 to 1947 that Central-Eastern Europe would constitute an economic and ideological "bridge" between East and West. According to this view, the nations there would form regimes incontestably friendly with the Soviets, yet at the same time would maintain important cultural, economic and even some political ties with the West. The tragicomic Czechoslovak refusal of Marshall Plan aid in July 1947, which indicated the full incorporation of Czechoslovakia into the Soviet sphere eight months later—that state which was always regarded as the typical "bridge"-nation—finally disspelled these illusions.

Yet there may have been substance in those previous hopes, since there is evidence that perhaps even after 1945 an energetic American foreign policy could have effected some changes in Eastern Europe. American protests in Bulgaria had delayed a rigged election in 1945. American determination made the Yugoslavs recoil at Trieste and again in 1946 when Tito's air force shot down an American airplane. Western interest and awareness stopped the Russians from unduly tampering with the Hungarian elections in 1945. Perhaps in 1945-46 a determined Western diplomacy could have delayed, if not altogether halted, the Soviet timetable.

At the time Stalin seemed cautious. As so often since 1942, he did not quite believe how full and uncontested his grasp of his new domains was. In 1948, from the revealed correspondence of the Soviet and Yugoslav Communist Parties it was made clear that two years earlier it was the Russians who counseled caution to the Yugoslav Party—and, presumably, also to other Eastern European Communists. The Russians then well-nigh confessed that they were exhausted, not ready for a third World War and unwilling to run risks for Trieste and other relatively minor points.

However, it soon became apparent that a paradox existed in American policy. While on one hand American anti-Communist tendencies rose swiftly and American diplomatic resistance against Russia stiffened, as far as practice was concerned, Eastern Europe was written off.

There is no doubt that in due course Moscow became aware of the sterility of American policy in Eastern Europe. Early in 1947, as the Kovács and Maniu crises in Hungary and Rumania proved, the strongest Allied protests were no longer able to deflect Soviet ruthlessness. Here perhaps lies the clue as to why Stalin had permitted a twilight period of "democratic" window-dressing in certain Eastern European states during 1945-1947. He wished to make some satisfactory impression on Western public opinion (in this he succeeded for awhile), in order to prevent Allied interference in Eastern Europe during the crucial period when Russian power, while seemingly ubiquitous, was in reality considerably exhausted and his armies were undergoing a process of relative demobilization from their wartime strength. In 1947, then, Stalin could go ahead in Eastern Europe with his final schedule relatively unimpeded, notwithstanding the mounting wave of anti-Communist sentiment in America and the American concentration of diplomatic effort in Western and Southern Europe.

YET finally the United States began to re-tool her policy. With the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and "containment" it was now clear that the United States had recognized the innate aggressiveness of the Soviet system.

Ideological awareness became acute. Soon generous and broad steps were taken to support the economically harassed Western European governments. The French and Italian regimes were particularly supported with abundant material aid. Consequently Communist influence began to be eliminated from the French government, and in the 1948 elections the Christian Democrats won over the Communists in Italy. The first hesitant steps were taken to integrate Western Germany into the rest of remaining free Europe.

But did the "containment" policy gauge Stalin's contemporary ambitions well enough? It was formulated at a date when the Russian absorption of Eastern Europe emerged in its spectre of naked brutality. Outside and around the edge of the new Russian empire conditions were fluid and uncertain. Under Soviet instructions the Greek Communists had renewed their civil war. The Red froth bubbled in northern Greece and Trieste, and it seemed that the weak edifices of France and Italy might at any moment tumble under

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grave economic burdens and Communist trampling. It was of the greatest urgency to halt what was considered "the Red flood" before it could trickle and flow into Italy, France and other crucial states.

Was this analysis sufficiently profound, however? For there is no particular evidence that Stalin in 1947-48 had planned to advance into France and Italy or that he had contemplated the imminent victory of the Communist parties in those countries. Indeed, the fragments of evidence point to the contrary. All Russian actions were aimed to consolidate, in some cases with frantic haste, their new imperial realms in Eastern Europe. It is not at all impossible that the anxious American preoccupation with Western Europe from 1947 onwards may have suited the purposes of the Kremlin well, for in this way American attention was diverted from Eastern Europe.

PERHAPS it would be well to put ourselves in Stalin's position in 1947. He regarded Eastern Europe as his; he also felt considerably justified in its possession.

Russia had won the war against the German invaders. Her cities were devastated, her armies bled white. With age-old Russian suspicion, Stalin was in any case prone to underestimate the Allied contribution to the victory over Germany. Russia had carried the main brunt of the war, and the United States, with relatively the least exertion and practically without wounds, emerged as the greatest and most powerful nation on earth.

Stalin did not particularly try to contest American power. He did not challenge America's sphere. Did it not seem to him, however, that the Americans were beginning to challenge *his* sphere? Did not the American diplomatic and military missions in Eastern Europe slowly begin extending support to anti-Communist elements? Was not this intervention far outranking the efforts with which Russian diplomatic and military missions in the capitals of Western Europe had aided the respective Communist parties there?

Stalin did not really compete with the Americans over Western Europe. The financial aid which Moscow had furnished the Italian Communist Party, for example, was less than the effort which Americans poured into Italy before the 1948 elections. He did not really challenge what in the curiously distorted Russian view amounted to the American domination of Western Europe. Why, then, the American meddling in Eastern Europe? Had not the United States won enough in the war—all of the Pacific and the Atlantic basins, plus Western and Southern Europe. With his narrow Russian gaze peering westward from the Byzantine windows of the Kremlin, Stalin may have reasoned thus.

With his pragmatic and military mind, and influenced by his Russian fears and suspicions, Stalin was prone to see in every American move to build up Western Europe the first steps toward an American push eastward, aimed at his new empire, whose frontiers he jealously guarded from incursions. That he actually feared and still fears such incursions could be detected from his *quid-pro-quo* tactics even before 1947. He made it clear that he recognized the military demarcation as permanent and the division of Europe as agreed and sealed. Did he not, in the crucial winter of 1944-45, correctly abstain from intervening in the Greek civil war and send Vishinsky to Rumania only when the pro-Allied ministers in the Bucharest cabinet were trying to keep the Communists down and out?

AT Potsdam, when Churchill brought up what seemed to be the violations of these general statements and platitudes, falsely characterized as "Yalta agreements," concerning Yugoslavia or Rumania, Stalin at once retorted by pushing issues involving Greece or Italy on the agenda. The Russian negotiation tactics in the early United Nations and in the Four-Power ministerial conferences were similar. As he detected the gradual Anglo-American abandonment of what he had considered clear-cut sphere-of-interest arrangements, Stalin in February 1946 announced a new Five-Year-Plan, replete with military expenditures. A month later Churchill, at Fulton, Missouri, albeit in an unofficial capacity, assailed the Russian empire-building in Eastern Europe, and the United States protested against Soviet actions in Iran. Soon afterwards Moscow renewed the civil war in Greece.

Even superficial knowledge of Russian history indicates the intimate connection between Russian fear and Russian terrorism, deep inward anxiety and cold external ruthlessness. Late in 1947, as again the correspondence of the Russian and Yugoslav Communist leadership shows, Moscow actually feared that leading Communists in Marshal Tito's entourage were British agents, at a time when the building of the Communist state in Yugoslavia was far ahead of Moscow's other Balkan satellites. The 1948-1950 purges within the satellite Communist parties reflected the Russian desire to pare leadership down to the most essential and trustworthy agents of Russia. The pathetic and tragic deportations from Budapest, Bratislava and other areas in 1951 pointed at the wish to eliminate ruthlessly even the weakest, torn remnants of the bourgeoisie from strategically important areas.

Soviet intelligence intercepted in Yugoslavia, Greece, Austria, Germany, and Sweden, almost unanimously indicated an insatiable Russian curiosity about American offensive assets and points of attack against Eastern Europe. Where were the American bombers' bases being built in Yugoslavia? in Germany? Where were

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the advance depots of armaments in Austria? the secretly trained DP Brigades? Such were and are the Soviet queries and anxieties which have been well reflected in the arrest of sometimes very harmless churchmen, businessmen in Eastern Europe, people who were assumed to have been potential American informers.

The fact that the multiple alliances which the Soviet satellites began concluding among themselves and with Russia in 1948 were not extended to Albania after the Yugoslav secession occurred is also significant. Stalin may have feared the reduction of Albania by a potentially hostile Yugoslavia and Greece. Again, he may not have wished to run the risk of a third world war through unnecessarily entangling alliances. Yet —mainly due to American counsels—a Yugoslav-Greek challenge of isolated Communist Albania did not materialize.

For a paradoxical situation prevailed in the last five years. While the Soviets took it for granted that in challenging them by the defense of Europe, the United States necessarily plotted to obliterate the demarcation line and push eastward, such a policy was not even contemplated by American diplomacy.

Today, from the lessons of two series of immediate postwar mistakes we increasingly recognize how many of our present troubles came from the confusion of military and diplomatic goals in wartime. Potential troubles exist also, however, when the goals and means of diplomacy are interchanged. If Eastern Europe was the Soviets' weak spot in the "cold war" period, then American diplomacy should have profited from that weakness and exploited it, exactly as Russia was prone to exploit areas and situations where Western power and influence were unsteady.

Such an American policy in Eastern Europe could have been projected even if the consensus of contemporary American strategists indicated undue dangers latent in American meddlings in Eastern Europe. Even though the spectres of "preventive war" or "American aggression" were to be rejected, it could have been managed. Even if it were decided that amidst the uncertainties and terrible dangers of the "cold war" the United States would, at least temporarily, have to acquiesce in the *status quo* of Eastern Europe, it was not the duty of American diplomacy to intimate this throughout and reiterate it constantly. The redemption of Eastern Europe, if not an immediate goal of American diplomacy, could at least have been propitiously employed as a *means,* a bargaining asset, an argument of negotiation in the great Eurasian diplomatic struggle.

Several decades hence an amused historian may well establish that the first half-decade of the Russian-American crisis over Europe might have been due to a fundamental, mutual misunderstanding: Washington had presupposed that the immediate Russian aim was to upset and conquer Western Europe, which was not the case; Moscow had presupposed that the American aim was to upset and conquer Eastern Europe, which also was not the case.

(This is the first installment of a two-part article. The second will appear next week.)

PRE-WAR VIENNA

The Faces of Treason

DAVID CORT

THINGS are getting more and more mixed up on the subject of traitors. Where they are not at all mixed up, as in spy melodramas, they seem much too simple.

Toward getting this subject back to some certifiable reality, I can offer the one actual, convicted American traitor I think I ever knew, insofar as I know what I knew.

I found Robert in Vienna in the sensitive year, 1937.

My expertness on even this one traitor has only the tired credential, "I ought to know; I was there." And yet I can see that "there" was not an especially good vantage point. How can anyone take the proper notes on the middle of a story unless he already knows how the story will end or indeed what story is being unreeled? My recollection of Vienna and Robert in 1937 may be impaired by the facts that I did not actually know that night would fall on Vienna with Hitler's *Anschluss* in 1938 or on Western Europe in 1940 or in fact that Robert was actually what he was.

This was bad enough, but I was also wearing a special set of mental spectacles that may have blurred my vision. I was approaching Europe in the lofty and dilettante mood of "a foreign news expert" who already "knew" that Europe was going over the waterfalls in a barrel. In the current mood of American detachment,

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I had advanced to the point where I did not plan to meet a head-of-state to listen to those wonderful 1937 hypocrisies faithfully reported in the American press. I had another idea.

It was to focus my attention on the night life of the capitals from London to Budapest. This policy would certainly have been useful in 1815 or even 1914; and it still had some merit in 1937 in those countries where the country was still run by a few families whose more unstable members were found at least half the nights in any week in one of three or four night clubs.

Commercial night life is a universal medium in which unusual local differences are more likely to be apparent to a stranger. The attitude toward foreigners, the incidence of bar brawls, the complacency of the female entertainers toward the men, the comparative intensities of the lust for money, the degree of tolerated drunkenness, the respect given to and earned by local personages, even the service, were still clues to the *Zeitgeist* which the stranger could not avoid noticing.

Perhaps one can determine in advance on such data whether a nation will stand or fall. But at least in collecting such data one will not be bored.

ROBERT'S assigned role in this was that he was then the Vienna correspondent for a great American news service and, more or less on the side, for the smaller news organization in which I had lately been made a medium-sized wheel. It was only office routine to notify Robert that if I reached Vienna, he would have to minister to another foreign editor.

Vienna is a character in this episode, fully as important as Robert. To an American, it seems only a barrack-like mass of brownstone buildings, classical, baroque and Renaissance, built over a few medieval stones that might once have been interesting to the tourist. But in 1937, though beheaded from its former empire, it was still the terminus for secret aqueducts of news reaching into the Balkans as far as Istanbul. The nourishment of Vienna was rumors, even before hot chocolate. The really starved were the naive and uninformed, but anyone who had heard the latest rumor had an air of frantic health.

So I looked up Robert. I only wanted to know where to go.

Robert was no beauty. He was fleshy, rumpled and dilapidated and he somehow reminded me of the strange characters who haunt American public libraries. (Oddly enough, this description exactly fits another traitor I knew at the time—Whittaker Chambers; but I do not see how a generalization can be drawn from this.) I soon noticed that he was guilty of small crudities of manner, an uncoordinated brusqueness, but these lost their offense by the curious and friendly gleam in his eye. (Chambers to the life, again.) However, Robert awoke my sympathy because he seemed awed and rattled by something, whether by his job or by Vienna I did not know.

I saw at once, of course, that he would not be a social asset to me, but he might know at least where to go.

I still have, scribbled on the back of a map of Vienna, Robert's catalogue of what to expect in the various coffee houses. This list told me to look for chess and Trotskyites at the Central, musicians at the Museum, the Imperial Guard at the Goethe, the "Habsburg colors" at the Dehmel, racing enthusiasts and prostitutes at the Imperial and only the latter at the Europa and Feustergucker, aristocrats' ladies at the Sacher, journalists at the Rebhuhn and stamp-collectors and journalists at the Louvre. (What violence fifteen years must have done to this stratification!)

Robert's headquarters was a table at the Louvre.

As I watched him there and drank the hot chocolate, we were interrupted by a succession of human oddities. These, he told me at last, were some of his informers, indispensable to Viennese journalism.

I had just surveyed a neat housewife type and a pimpled youth. "What in the world could they find out?" I asked Robert. "Who would tell them anything? I certainly wouldn't."

"That boy is one of the best in Vienna," Robert told me with sudden heat.

I realized that he might think my criticism was meant in an official capacity, and so I added, "Believe me, I don't care how you run your business. It was just an impression. If they're good enough for you, that suits me."

Actually Robert's coffee houses and informers left me cold. I had no great taste for chocolate and spoke no German. The night clubs or cabarets, of which my list notes two, the Femina and Broadway, were more suitable to my line of investigation.

That night Robert led me to the door of one and there left me. He firmly refused to come in, even at my expense.

THE international manners of waiters and captains of waiters soon made me comfortable. Looking about me guardedly, I first discovered the two eternal types of Viennese beauties, described locally as "the fat ones" and "the thin ones."

The "thin ones" in circulation that summer included three or four of the most distinguished-looking beautiful women I have ever seen. Their skin was invariably perfect, their bone structure exquisite and they had the eyes of angels, limpid and compassionate. The plump ones were less interesting to me. Later I was to notice that they all had a curiously gentle and motherly manner, especially surprising to an American, toward the

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men of Vienna, who had recently been through some bad times.

I remember that when I got to know them, every one of them told me the same story of being the illegitimate daughter of a working woman by a rich manufacturer. The third time I heard this story, from a blonde and clear-eyed beauty who had obviously never had a care in her life, I told her that an American always saw his lady to the door of her home. (I need not explain that her English was as good as mine.) She agreed but at the last minute demanded that I let her out of the taxi half a block from her door. A minute later I drove past the building she had entered, on whose ground floor a cabinet-maker's shop displayed the same last name she had given me. This was her guilty secret, that she was the perfectly legitimate daughter of a respectable artisan family.

This transparent lying seemed to me typical of the supposed sophistication of Vienna in 1937. It is given here not in scorn, or even mirth or pity, but as the innocent foil for two other kinds of deception.

Robert's kind lay in a candor that was startling and even embarrassing.

One would suppose a traitor would also be a natural liar.

Not at all. Robert was perfectly frank about his Fascism, except that he chose Mussolini's "corporative state" instead of Hitler's version.

Simply as an idea, the corporative state struck me then, as it strikes me now, as a fairly ingenious answer to mankind's problems. In defending it, as I recollect, Robert used more Labor words than Capital words, for at that period the Fascist argument was trying to get as far to the Left as it could. My rejection of it was no proof of mystical virtue. I merely sensed that Robert's whole argument depended on an assumption that no people can have the unorganized good sense and good will to do themselves good, without direction from somebody like Robert.

If one accepts that premise, anything goes. Fascism or Communism.

I did not hate Robert for his erroneous opinion. Nor do I now. His talk fitted naturally into the Labor-versus-Capital hoo-rah then going on in the United States. Robert simply had the answer to all the questions, if you accepted his premise. I rejected his premise, his answer and even his questions, but perhaps only to be contentious.

In Robert's favor is the fact that he told me that Austria was at least one-third Nazi in 1937 and, believing him, I wrote a story to that effect. The story notably failed to deflect the march of Nazi destiny or even the fixed idea of the American press that there were very few, if any, Nazis in Austria before the Anschluss.

Robert, it turned out, had gone to the same university as I, and during summer vacations had worked as a conductor on the New York Central Railroad, usually on the night run to and from Buffalo. As far as I could discover he had never been part of any group whatever anywhere. He never spoke of friends or relatives in America. He knew nobody at the university we had both gone to. He had no connections in Vienna, apart from the informers, visible to me. (I am speaking only of what I know.) He had evidently struggled hard for everything he had ever got, and he had not thought much of it after he had got it. I had begun to see him as the boy with his nose flattened against the window pane of the pastry shop, reveling in a gluttony that is never satiated, so long as one stays outside.

Vienna was human in drowning its real anxieties in rumors and hot chocolate, lies and hopes. Robert seemed to me to have passed on beyond hope, into a room that had a hollow echo and only Robert.

THE climax of the story of Vienna, Robert and me was brought on by a girl. In one of the cabarets I had found a very pretty girl with the identical childish, empty face of an American chorus girl. It is not until one has left America that one discovers this to be quite a rare human type. I gravitated toward this one as toward a talisman. She was everything I had hoped, even to her bored and prissy good manners. She was not Austrian, but German, and not especially popular with either Austrian or German men, who prefer very different types. She was the breath of Broadway to me, a racial sport growing far from her natural habitat, a real collector's item.

I saw her as often as I could, coping with her complete lack of English, my lack of German and her intermittent attempts, with this imperfect communication, to induce me to buy her something very expensive. I did actually buy her one bathing suit at a dry goods store, on our way to the public baths, the Diana Bad, where it developed that she could not swim.

The next day she failed to keep a lunch date.

That afternoon I found Robert at the Louvre coffee house, his head lowered over one of the marble-topped tables listening to the pimpled boy who was his informer.

I sat down wearily. The boy rattled a few last words and hurriedly left the table and the coffee house.

Robert turned to me. "How are you doing with the girls of Vienna?"

"Not very well," I replied. "One of them just stood me up for lunch."

"Would that be a little German girl who looks like an American?" he asked.

I stared at him in amazement, not untouched by anger. "How the hell do you know?"

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"Look, I don't mind an argument, you know that, but not here. Too many people listening. Why shouldn't I know? Vienna's a small place, really, and it's known you're my protege . . ."

"I'm your protege!"

"They don't understand here. They just see you with me. Let me ask you a question. Are you going to see that girl again, after she stood you up?"

"I know only one man whose business that is, and that's me. To tell the truth, at the moment I don't know. She doesn't speak any English and it's a little difficult . . ."

"She doesn't speak English!" Robert exploded, and his face turned ruddy. "That's the last straw. I forbid you to see her again."

"Why, you impertinent jackass," I began, and then I had another thought. "Skip that. If you know her, why were you surprised when I said she doesn't speak English?"

I need not add that it had occurred to me before that the girl might be a Nazi agent in Austria. Central Europe was crawling with agents in those days, but I naively supposed they would not be interested in an American sub-editor of a magazine that had difficulty reminding its readers that Europe still existed.

At any rate, an expression of fear swept over Robert's face. I interpreted this as sheer concern for me in the hands of a Nazi agent and I was touched. "Do you mean she really knows English?" I asked.

"No, no," he stammered and then appeared to collect himself. "She's making a fool of you in front of all Vienna. Perhaps you don't care but it makes all Americans look ridiculous. Think of me. I have to live here."

"You'll have to get used to it," I said coldly. "And Vienna might as well learn that there is a wide variety of Americans. You're one kind. I'm another."

A habit of reticence had so far prevented me from telling Robert, or the German girl either, that I was leaving Vienna the next day to go on to Budapest. Any discussion of my relationships in Vienna was therefore fairly pointless. However, I was enjoying it too much to give Robert this terminal information now.

"I'm your friend," Robert was telling me, on a new approach, and I was inclined to believe him. "I know that girl is out to make you dance to her tune. Will you promise me, just between us, that you won't see her again?"

Only a firing squad could have kept me from her now, but I promised Robert in some disingenuous phrase that I would not betray the American cause in Vienna by letting the German girl make a fool of me.

IF the German girl were actually an agent, her procedure had been interestingly peculiar. Either she did not like me and was disgusted with the assignment. Or she had already realized that nothing of value was to be gotten out of my type, whatever she had conceived that to be. Or, finally, she was playing a long-range game with me, overestimating the length of my stay in Vienna. In this last case, her pretense of not knowing English could only become useful if I talked to another American (who but Robert?) or even (presumptuous thought) talked in my sleep.

Meanwhile I diagnosed Robert's resentment of her as not only concern for me, but also as the jealousy of the boy outside the pastry shop, still separated from the sweetmeats by the wall of glass or the rules of the New York Central.

Since I had no such inhibitions, I improved my last night in Vienna by looking once more into that lovely empty face and trying to surmise what childish game it was playing with me, for it was for this that I had come to Europe.

THAT night she was very sure of herself, encased in her shell of newly ripened perfection and my forgiveness of her for breaking our date. She smiled on me, in a new and promising way that would have told me, in other circumstances, that she thought I was cute, Once she laid her hand on my knee, as she pointed to the word in the German-English dictionary I carried that meant "necklace." She had already shown me the word for "gift."

As the evening developed, aided by the metallic-tasting German champagne, I opened to the word for "beautiful" and taught her to point at herself and say "Janus-faced tomato."

She did so, at first apprehensively and then, as I smiled with enraptured approval, confidently, lifting her hand to her throat with an exquisitely feminine self-consciousness.

While we were engaged in this, I glanced at the plate-glass front of the cabaret and saw, above the half-curtain, the face of the pimpled youth who was Robert's informer, staring in at us. I stared back with some irritation, when the German agent laid her hand on my knee for the second—and, sad to say, last—time. To distract me from the window, she gravely pronounced, again, "Janus-faced tomato," and then, as she pointed at herself, gave a throaty, altogether charming, giggle.

Next day I departed Vienna.

I did not see Robert's name again until the war ended and he was caught, tried, convicted and sent to prison, for having broadcast for the Nazis after America entered World War II.

Trying to remember him, one small loser in a world-wide civil war of humanity, I found I did not hate him at all.

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And then I thought of writing him a letter in prison, perhaps to prove that hatred was not an American habit.

But what should I say? I might remind him whimsically of Mussolini's ingenious idea of the corporative state, which had led to so much humiliation, enmity, pain and death. It did not seem very whimsical. I thought of reminiscing about Janus-faced Vienna. But this subject too was covered with blood.

And then I thought of the German girl.

TRYING to remember, I saw that I had been honored by the attentions of two agents, the girl and Robert. Remembering Robert's anger and fear when he learned that the girl was pretending to know no English, I saw now what he had seen then. Her job was solely to eavesdrop on my conversation with Robert, should I ever bring them together. She was not espionage, but counterespionage. And the Nazis did not trust Robert. When he had cried "That's the last straw," it had been the last protest of a free man's self-respect, faced with that distrust.

Small wonder that it had been followed by the look of fear. Even that protest might open the trap of the pit beneath him. I might betray him or the Nazis might betray him to me. When his superiors thought about the meaning of "Janus-faced tomato," the choice of guilt had to fall between Robert and the girl. Robert must have learned that as a traitor he was still behind the plate-glass window that shut out mercy, trust and hope.

I began to see difficulties in finding an approach to a man who has spent the intermission with Hitler. One cannot pick up the conversation as if one had only left to telephone. On the way back, one looks for the comforting words that will put Dr. Jekyll at ease, and then sits down to console—Hyde!

But in sober fact the greater probability is that as one braces oneself to face the horrible Hyde, who should one find but that sterling fellow, Dr. Jekyll?

For Robert's treason was that he agreed with Hitler that the No. 1 enemy was Communism. This was his defense at his trial. Still thinking that his choice of Hitler as mankind's savior was a little hasty, the court gave him life imprisonment.

But I believe that Robert's error was not so much that he had the right answer a little too soon, as that he was too certain that he had the answer at all, based on doubt of the free peoples' good sense and good will to make their own fate for themselves.

Probably it was that doubt that made his answer the wrong answer in any year. Indeed, I would not have any great confidence, given that doubt, that Robert's presence in prison would make that prison any safer against Communism.

THE SCREEN

A DARLIN' PICTURE

IF ever a film was designed to make your spirits soar it is John Ford's new production, "The Quiet Man." Mr. Ford knew what he was doing every inch of the way. This film has Irish whimsy and inconsistency, but it has more solid stuff too. Ford lets his hero, an American ex-prize fighter played by John Wayne, return to the land of his birth, buy the thatched cottage in which he was born and paint it white and green—what else? He lets Barry Fitzgerald, as the town busybody, bet-maker and marriage broker, say at one point: "It's a nice soft night, so I think I'll join my comrades and talk a little treason." And he lets Maureen O'Hara, portraying the tempestuous Irish girl who finally marries Wayne but refuses to consummate the marriage, beg her husband the next morning to pretend they slept together: "Don't be shaming me among your friends."

Frank S. Nugent wrote his screenplay from a short story by Maurice Walsh. Although the picture's running time is too long and some of the individual scenes need editing when they extend beyond the point of the episode, I was sorry to see "The Quiet Man" come to an end. Without a trace of artiness, this film has a lyrical quality that many movies strive for but few achieve. Not the least of its assets is the exceptionally beautiful Technicolor photography of the Irish countryside—most of which was filmed in the rain in and around Cong, County Mayo.

You may not believe some of the episodes but John Ford's direction of the cast will make you believe in the characters. Barry Fitzgerald has never been better or bossier or, as far as that's concerned, had funnier lines to say. And the supporting cast, which includes Victor McLaglen, as Maureen's pugnacious brother, Mildred Natwick, as the widow he loves, Ward Bond, Arthur Shields, Francis Ford and many of the Abbey Theatre Players, are all in fine style. "The Quiet Man" could have been called "The Taming of a Shrew" but whatever it's called it's another triumph for the maker of such outstanding films as "The Fugitive," "The Informer," "Grapes of Wrath" and "How Green Was My Valley."

ANOTHER film that will give a great deal of pleasure to many of its audiences, although for a different reason, and comes somewhat as a surprise because of its faithfulness to the actual accounts, is "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima." Retelling the story

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of the three children to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Cova de Iria near Fatima, this picture could have dripped with saccharine narration or drooled with gory Sunday-supplement detail. It does neither. The script by Crane Wilbur and James O'Hanlon is well written and John Brahm's direction is restrained.

The three children are portrayed by Susan Whitney as Lucia, the eldest, who was ten, and Sammy Ogg as Francisco and Sherry Jackson as Jacinta, Lucia's cousins. They and the rest of the cast, while not brilliant with starry names, are well handled, particularly Angela Clark as Lucia's stern mother and Gilbert Roland as Hugo, a friend of both families and especially a friend of the children. No doubt this character has been invented for dramatic purposes, but it could be a composite of several neighbors and serves to convey the type of non-believer whose attitude changes after the Miracle: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

One remarkable thing about Bryan Foy's production is the authenticity of its locales. Although made in this country, the film has caught the small Portugal town and the fields where the children watch the sheep and see the vision. And the shots of the crowds who come on the thirteenth of each month after the word gets around that Our Lady will reappear are beautifully photographed—especially the scene on October thirteenth, 1917, when thousands of people come in the rain storm and stand in the large field with open umbrellas. It is the day of the Miracle when the sun comes down toward the earth like a red ball.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE BRICKER AMENDMENT"

Jamaica, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I would submit that many politically conscious citizens refuse to dismiss as imaginary the possible disastrous effects of treaties and executive agreements as Mr. Harold Hinton does suggest in his article "The Bricker Amendment" (The Commonweal, August 15). Nor would they accept the author's thesis that when a problem does exist in this area it is a result of the balanced-power principle, open to solution under the present constitutional framework.

There are many who feel that some sort of revaluation in the method of determining foreign policy is necessary in this present era of internationalism. Nor can we lessen the rationality of their presentations by branding them as isolationist in nature.

The problem is not essentially one, but has a dual nature—regulative and preventive. It is regulative to the extent that the public fears the result of uncontrolled executive agreements; preventive in that a protection of purely internal affairs of citizenry from external legislation is demanded. The Bricker amendment is offered as a limited solution, certainly not a panacea.

Mr. Hinton argues with authority that no treaty could abridge the fundamental rights and liberties of American citizens and therefore section (1) of the Bricker amendment prohibiting the definition or impairment of the rights of citizens by treaty is unnecessary. But the issues in question are never that exact or defined so as to be so easily resolved. Even the author comments upon the "very loosely drawn" documents that regulate individual activity and which receive the approval of the United Nations—documents which become the supreme law of the land and in theory affect every American citizen.

If in conflict with a state law and passed at a later date, the UN covenant is the supreme law; and the citizen is legally bound to obey not his state but the United Nations. This undesirable position of the citizen is casually dismissed by Mr. Hinton in one section of his article by an irrelevant reference to international interference with "time-honored American practices" such as lynching and segregation.

In meeting the problem later in the article he suggests, in one sentence, that if a UN covenant should override a state law, the home-spun legislation could regain its supremacy by being re-enacted, thereby gaining a later enactment date. That there is an ultimate chronological solution does not dismiss the obvious point in issue: the American citizenry no longer has exclusive control over its individual activities.

Withdrawn from the moral sphere and viewed in the constitutional light alone, the many "John Does" are entitled to enact segregation legislation if they should so desire. And they should not be burdened with the repassage of existing legislation in order to abrogate UN covenants over which they exercise a more theoretical than actual control.

The citizen is fully aware that the government of the United States participates in the formulation of United Nations' covenants and votes upon their acceptance. He does not view the UN as an alien conspiracy. But he does object to the almost non-existent control that the citizenry has over the activity of its own government in this international organ.

Our foreign policy can be determined either by the executive solely or by both the executive and Senatorial branches. But the choice is made by the executive branch alone; with the possibility of an executive agreement being employed to circumvent any sort of public determination. Even public awareness may be evaded by keeping the terms secret.

A foreign policy beyond public evaluation and regulation that affects internal problems through a world

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government is a threat to internal sovereignty. It is not to be dismissed as an exaggerated fear or an imaginary danger. And certainly the power of the purse or the wishes of the voters cannot be accepted as adequate safeguards against the dangers; particularly when the Executive can, at will, decide to bypass the necessity of the Senate's approval. Nor does the power of the purse have control over such purely political decisions as were reached at Yalta.

Certainly the restrictions imposed by the Bricker amendment would make foreign policy determination a less fluid process and a much slower one. But the process would be more truly representative of the opinion of the American people as expressed through the Senate. Furthermore, by limiting executive agreements we would be returning to the spirit of the Constitution whereby Senate approval is required of all treaties.

Some of the difficulties that Mr. Hinton blames upon the separation of power concept, oddly enough, result from situations in which that very concept has been circumvented by executive agreement. In an era in which we are frequently engaged in international compacts and covenants removed from the military and relative to the individual man, the citizen seeks limitation upon the Executive. Many feel that the Bricker amendment would provide such a protective limitation.

GEORGE B. BOYLE.

OF NOTE

INTEGRALISM

THE most recent edition of *La Vie Intellectuelle* (29, boulevard Latour-Maubourg, Paris VII) carries an article on Integralism, which the editors describe as being the opposite extreme of Modernism. The following are the concluding paragraphs of the article.

> Integralism is not a doctrine but a tendency, a spiritual state and a method of action. As a tendency, it is characterized by a horror of everything new, of all innovations, of modernity, which is *a priori* immediately confused with modernism. The past to which the integralist is so attached is not that of the primitive Church, nor of the Middle Ages, nor even the Renaissance but that of the *ancien regime* (the absolute monarchy of France and Spain). The hatred of everything new is general; it extends to theology, politics, social life, literature and the arts. From this point of view, integralism seems to be at the opposite pole from modernism, one extreme responding to another.
>
> Integralism is also marked by a constant breast-beating about integrity and purity of doctrine. No one finds favor with an integralist but another integralist. This characteristic leads its adherents to pass off as truths of the faith ideas which are merely representative of schools of thought within the Church, and to present as being of the very essence of the Church, institutions or modes of thought which are related to nothing more than historical contingencies through which the Church has passed. Integralism goes as far as it can to suppress all liberty of research in the Church. It produces a paralysis close to death.
>
> Integralism is characterized by a *systematic preference* for solutions reached by appeals to authority, not only on Church matters but even on social and political questions. The integralist is an authoritarian, opposed not only to doctrinal liberalism, as all Catholics are, but to the practical uses of real liberties. He is violently opposed to every project which has a Christian democratic inspiration and he tends to justify this opposition by appealing to religion, thus creating an inadmissable confusion between the temporal and the spiritual. He takes his positions by making an arbitrary choice between documents coming from religious authority. For example, the integralists are quick to cite the Syllabus of Pius IX (without always understanding it and without taking into account the commentaries on it which, like Msgr. Dupanloup's, marked out its precise application), or they refer to the Letter of Pius X on Sillon. But they are much slower to cite *Rerum Novarum, Pacem Dei, Quadragesimo Anno,* the Messages of Pius XII. And they never mention *Au Milieu des solicitudes, Mit Brennender Sorge, Non abbiamo bisogno* or the official documents concerning Action Française.
>
> Integralism is a spiritual state. It is characterized by a suspicion of all who do not share the integralist point of view; by a facility for making quick judgments which do not concern themselves primarily with facts or principles but lean heavily on persons and intentions; by a harshness of judgment which is quick with the insult and often forgets not only charity but justice; by a taste for coteries, for backroom action, denunciation and censorship. Finally, it is characterized by an astounding confidence in its own power to make judgments, confusing its authority with that of the Church, and by an intellectual cockiness which often seems to be some kind of sickness of the soul.
>
> As a method integralism employs the technique of a secret society.

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The Tortured Journey from God to Man

HEAVEN AND EARTH. By Carlo Coccioli. Prentice-Hall. $3.50.

By WILLIAM P. CLANCY

IN most contemporary Catholic novels, the struggling Christian's spiritual progress is from man to God, from earth to heaven. This, of course, is as one would expect, but the complaint has been made that in some of the most distinguished of these works there lurks an essentially unhealthy hatred of the flesh which renders the elaborate tribute paid its charms ironic and void—a Jansenistic horror which extends beyond sin to make suspect all the works of man. It is dangerous to make the price of heaven an absolute rejection of earth.

Carlo Coccioli is an Italian novelist whose work is in many ways reminiscent of earlier, now famous, Catholic novels. His first appearance in English translation, *Heaven and Earth,* is the story of an Italian priest's search for peace and salvation. His hero's quest is along labyrinthine ways, and Satan is a constant attendant on the journey. And so, this novel will inevitably call up comparisons with the work of Graham Greene and Georges Bernanos.

But any likeness found between the present novel and the works of the distinguished Englishman and Frenchman will be more apparent than real. For the spiritual pilgrimage of Don Ardito Piccardi, the tortured hero of *Heaven and Earth,* reverses the usual pattern. His progress is from God to *man.* Nor can Mr. Coccioli be accused of the Jansenism which some discern in other Catholic authors. On the contrary, the lesson he has his hero learn (and the learning of it is his hero's "salvation") is that it is not enough to love the sinner, one must also love the sin.

Don Ardito Piccardi began his sacerdotal career with a zeal so unbending and a sympathy so narrowed to the demands of heaven that he might have given pause even to the more humanistically inclined of the Desert Fathers. Between the things of God and the things of man he felt a void which no bridge could span. "Few shall be saved," was his favorite motto, and those few who were would have accomplished the feat only by making an almost impossible leap over to the side of God, leaving behind forever the tainted things of earth. This frightening single-mindedness left the young priest's superiors rather less than edified; they packed him off to a primitive mountain village where, they hoped, his close contact with the villagers would succeed in tempering his justice with some mercy.

In the village, Don Ardito quickly acquired a reputation for holiness, bolstered by his performing a miracle. He also acquired his first doubts about his uncompromising attitudes toward human weakness after a brilliant young aristocrat, caught in the trap of a terrible personal dilemma, and denied any consolation or hope from the priest, committed suicide. Shaken by this tragedy, blaming himself for it, Don Ardito left the village to seek elsewhere the answer to the problem of his own and others' salvation.

As the director of a youth club in a large city, the priest's dark night continued. His reputation for sanctity, as well as his fame for learning, grew—and so did his own fierce unrest. The smell of Satan kept poisoning the odor of his sanctity. His constitutional hatred of sin still left him powerless to love and comfort the sinner. And then, during the worst days of the war, in deep torment, he found his answer—Love. But a love which exceeded the cautious bounds placed on it by traditional orthodoxy:

> ". . . We can only hope to be enlightened, and enlightenment comes only through love . . ."
>
> "To love means to love God in men. God is not only high among the stars. He is here among us. He *is* men."
>
> "We must love this earth and the men who inhabit it. If they are sinners we must love their sin."
>
> "I have discovered that there is no way of crossing the threshold of Your kingdom unless You come down among us. And through love we can compel you to come."

Don Ardito learned this new lesson completely. He died to save other Italians in a reprisal execution by the Germans. He was a martyr to his final wisdom: the "love of God in men."

It is probably unnecessary to observe that this final "wisdom" is neither particularly original nor notably Christian. It is another variation on an ancient pseudo-mysticism which finds in the love of man, the proximate, a substitute for the demands of God, the transcendent. Don Ardito passes from prig to pantheist, and in the passage the author perceives the evolution of a saint.

Erroneous ideologies do not, of course, make necessarily "bad" novels. But whatever may be an author's point of view, it must stand up as at least "possible" under the merciless scrutiny of an ironic contemplation. Mr. Coccioli's point of view seems pretty shallow when subjected to any kind of contemplation.

It is not just that *Heaven and Earth* is unrelieved by any signs of a sense of humor which makes it so unsatisfying; it is also its singular failure to come to any real grips with the great problems of sin, salvation, suffering and love which Mr. Coccioli treats with such grim superficiality. We are cheated throughout. The hero's transition from a cassocked caricature of John Calvin to a cassocked caricature of Mahatma Gandhi remains simply incredible. The novel performs the remarkable feat of failing on three levels—the artistic, the intellectual, and the spiritual—and yet attracting a certain serious audience because of the cosmic pretension with which it fails. But, having read *Heaven and Earth,* I shall reread, with new gratitude, *The Diary of a Country Priest.*

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Fragments of a Century

THEODORA AND THE EMPEROR. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday. $4.50.

By PHILIP BURNHAM

HAROLD Lamb writes, unfortunately for this book, far better about the outdoors than indoors, and about the open plains where Eurasian horsemen follow mysterious continental tides than about hemmed-in cities and the specially mysterious movements in city streets and in city minds. The City of Constantinople, the Palace, the Cathedral, and the intensely nervous and cerebral impulses of "the first Byzantines" tend to evade the author.

He brings his readers much closer to the armies in the field and to the further boundaries of the Empire, disastrously open to the shifting currents of Persians and barbarians, than to the city within a city where Theodora and the Emperor lived. Belisarius, the general, who ranged from Persia to Africa to Italy, is indeed the fullest and most convincing figure which this book recreates. He is shown as a hero, able and eloquent, loyal and morally sure, but living and acting in an order of thought and purpose several times smaller and safer than the immense historical realm in which his sedentary sovereigns continually dwelt.

It is a useful accomplishment for Mr. Lamb to have indicated the difference in scale between the demands made upon Belisarius and those which the monarchs assumed. The difference in the size of their jobs he clearly stresses. He describes with interesting and practiced ability the military tasks of Belisarius and all the armies. But Mr. Lamb does not give much description or indication of the character of the labor undertaken by the imperial couple.

He shows, perhaps, enough of the technical and material impossibility, in the sixth century, of rebuilding the political and economic structure of the Antonines, with the Roman boundaries secure and the barbarians disciplined as peaceful tributaries. But in addition, the lapse of paganism and end of the classic age, and the living Christian Faith gave the emperor and empress a new and creative work which their Christian predecessors on the throne had barely, in the chaos of their times, begun to explore. Justinian and Theodora followed the dual concept of a revived Roman Empire and a new Christian Empire.

Their great reign tested the limits of such a complex and contradictory enterprise—and found them much narrower geographically and spiritually than the monarchs, along with most of their generation, imagined. The inheritance on which they proposed to build, at their accession in the year 527, was tragically limited: the dissipated and far ebbing residue of the world state and society raised on Hellenic and Roman works. The forces of the new religion and mind could not be channeled and canalized in any such landscape given by the past. Byzantium could not play the universal rôle in history these "first Byzantines" plotted for it: the structure they preserved and renewed might play the largest part in civilized education and guidance and government for five centuries more, but it could not take the whole part, forever, which their concepts demanded.

The fragmentary view of Harold Lamb shows only a small area of the ideas and forces and people at work in the ferment of the sixth century. The author hardly tries to describe the bureaucratic and intellectual labors of the Emperor living secluded in his Sacred Palace. The problem Justinian assumed required the parallel ordering of the secular realm and of Christianity and the Church. These provided the means and the motives of the new culture. The definition and product and interplay of these concurrent efforts consumed the monarchs and created the character of their age. Mr. Lamb concentrates on the secular, almost the geographic, side, and so his portraits lack definition and intelligible movement. His sympathy is apparent, but appreciation does not urge him to explore outside the departments of history where he has already established his own best competence. The book does give clear glimpses of fragments of the century, and aspects of character, and phases of the imperial problem. But Theodora and the Emperor, as whole persons, escape in the mystery traditional to European historical writing, at least since the time of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* The pieces of the mosaic, brilliant and alluring as the author shows them to be, are unassembled, and many of them are lost.

A Christian View of Communism

BOLSHEVISM: AN INTRODUCTION TO SOVIET COMMUNISM. By Waldemar Gurian. Notre Dame Press. $3.25.

By HAROLD C. HINTON

"UNFORTUNATELY, not by me," wrote Brahms on a score by Johann Strauss which he had been asked to autograph. I have much the same feeling about the latest book by Waldemar Gurian, Professor of Political Science at Notre Dame. Dr. Gurian has written, during the past twenty years, a number of excellent books on Bolshevism and the Soviet Union which are less well known in this country than they deserve to be, and the best of which before the present one, in my opinion, is *Bolshevism: Theory and Practice,* translated into English by the British scholar E. I. Watkin.

The present work is a brief (slightly more than one hundred pages), clear, and cogent analysis of both the theoretical and practical aspects of Leninism-Stalinism. Dr. Gurian avoids any detailed analysis of pre-Leninist Marxism, on the reasonable ground that it has little relation to present reality except in the form which Lenin and Stalin have given it.

He considers Bolshevism first as a doctrine (or as a "social and

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political religion," to use his words), than as a system of political power, and finally as a world force. He appends to his book a selection of pertinent excerpts from Soviet writings, a highly interesting array of footnotes, and a bibliography of basic works on Bolshevism and the Soviet Union, all of which will prove valuable to a reader who wishes to look further into the subject.

Although the book is apparently designed as an introductory survey for the beginning student, it seems to presuppose at least an elementary knowledge of Soviet history. Any reader, if he wants to get the greatest benefit from the book, should read every sentence carefully. There is hardly a phrase or clause that does not convey in terse language some important item of fact or interpretation. A book like this one may produce intellectual indigestion unless it is carefully chewed before being swallowed, but its nutritional value is very great.

Dr. Gurian's viewpoint is that of the true Catholic scholar. He recognizes that Communism is an outgrowth of the malaise of Western civilization, and that it can be combatted effectively only by men who understand it as such, who base themselves squarely on Christian principles, and who are not afraid to recognize and remedy defects in our own society. The purely negative reaction to Communism now so prevalent in the United States will receive little or no support from the writings of a man of Dr. Gurian's stature.

A book as brief as this, however excellent, is bound to omit or touch only lightly on things which a perfectionist reviewer might wish to see included. Among these are an outline of the role of non-Soviet Communist parties in advancing the cause of world revolution, and the economic and military strength of the Soviet Union. Similarly, the bibliography omits some works which might well have been included, such as the books by General Walter Bedell Smith, by Isaiah Berlin on Karl Marx, by Arthur Koestler and Whittaker Chambers, and the article by "Historicus" entitled "Stalin on Revolution." This amounts, I suppose, only to saying that no two persons would prepare identical select bibliographies.

These, however, are only minor criticisms which in no way detract from the tremendous value of this book for the careful reader, whether he be a college student or a Secretary of State. It is the best brief treatment, and the briefest good treatment, of Bolshevism now available to the American public.

Destructive Type

PORTRAIT OF MELLIE. By Diana Petre. Pantheon. $2.75.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

THE only nonsense greater than that contained between the covers of many contemporary novels is to be found in what is written about those novels. A lady named Nancy Spain, writing for the Lon-

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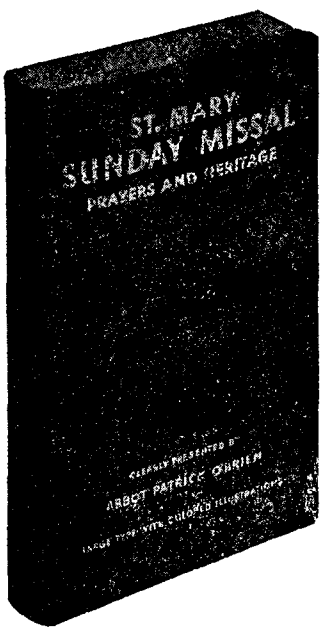

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don *Daily Express,* said of this book: "one of the most exciting novels . . . the most honest and frightening attempt to portray a truly heartless human being which I have ever read . . . Written in superlative English . . . (it) gathers the impetus of Henry James's 'The Turn of the Screw'."

With due respect to Diana Petre, who shows a nice talent for catching the murky, the bizarre, and the irregular, any resemblance between her art and Henry James's would seem to exist chiefly in Miss Spain's combustible imagination. If one must compare the two at all, it would perhaps do to say that Miss Petre's portraits are excellent samples of what can be done with a good Brownie Kodak, as against the full somber sweep of the Jamesian brush and palette.

Portrait of Mellie is the story of a woman's life between the ages of twenty and twenty-six. Mellie might be described in the words of the Pantheon publicity, as a "destructive female type"; this seems, however, an overstatement, as nothing that she destroys amounts to very much. Unformulated and undirected, Mellie is dictated largely by caprice. When she marries, it is as much to satisfy a taste for experience as to escape her unhappy parental home; as much to gratify her vanity as to enter a different world.

Her husband, a handsome fellow with a strong romantic attachment for his dead mother, fails Mellie both by loving her and by seeing through her. In her own eyes, he also fails her by giving her a pair of children. She is relieved when he dies on the fields of World War I.

The children having been consigned to the care of a housekeeper, their father's death releases Mellie from domestic obligation. But she makes nothing of her freedom except some aimless shuttling around Europe. At last, seduced by the Christmas season into some belated and false maternal sentiment, she returns to take charge of her children. That doesn't work out very well, either. As we leave Mellie, she has given the children into custody of her husband's elderly aunt, and is about to resume her continental doodling.

Embedded in this melange are some arresting character sketches of minor figures: Aunt Sollaby, of the ram rod spine and good intentions school; Aunt Cotton of fanatic devotion and deranged mind; Miss Withy, a professional leech, of the "just a drop of brandy for my heart" line. The principals, especially the men, are dimmer, and sometimes give a curious effect of filling in time until the supporting characters reappear.

There are also some interesting observations, for example, that young people's eyelids are unbroken by lines; that some women's hair seems constantly in gentle motion, as though its owners carry with them a private breeze.

Miss Petre is advertised as dedicated to her writing and enabled to devote herself to it "through the generosity of one of her co-workers." This is her first novel. If not precisely Jamesian, it seems at least a sound investment for the anony-

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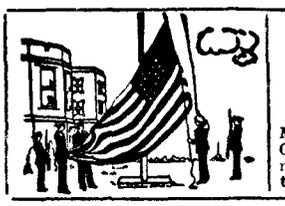

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mous co-worker, and we should like to see what further endorsement brings forth. When the author gets a tighter rein on her talent, she may produce something of importance.

Adams as Historian

HENRY ADAMS: SCIENTIFIC HISTORIAN. By William H. Jordy. Yale. $5.

By WAYNE ANDREWS

IF Henry Adams were still with us, William H. Jordy would almost certainly be invited to dinner on Lafayette Square. Whether Mr. Jordy would be invited a second time to the Adams town house in Washington is another matter. The chances are that the author of *The Education* would leave word he was gone to the South Seas if this young critic presumed to send in his calling card the morning after. For *Henry Adams: Scientific Historian* is much too penetrating an anlysis to please either the master himself or his more idolatrous disciples. Adams' virtues have never been revealed more clearly, but then his failings have not been overlooked —which means that this study comes close to deserving that dangerous word, definitive.

It is really unfortunate that most of us have never looked into Adams' nine-volume history of the Jefferson and Madison administrations, for that is the achievement on which his reputation will finally rest, and Mr. Jordy is quite correct in devoting over a third of his space to the problems presented by this one book. Saddened by the notion that history was storytelling, Adams insisted, the more he thought about Jefferson and Madison, that "history had meaning and validity only if it provided generalizations so comprehensive as to apply to more than a particular sequence of events." This was a more daring contention than you might think, just how daring Mr. Jordy makes perfectly plain by contrasting the aims of Adams and Parkman.

But Mr. Jordy can't forget that

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this masterpiece was completed in 1891, and that Adams lived on until 1918. These twenty-seven years, he argues, were misspent—"this period showed much waste of time and even greater waste of mind." As for *Chartres,* it fell far below the standard of the *History,* being no more than "a pastiche of authorities and guidebooks, molded with a tourist's love into what the late nineteenth century was fond of calling an appreciation."

Nor is Mr. Jordy too much impressed by Adams' attempt, in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma,* to find a fixed science of history based on the first and second laws of thermodynamics. "Even after allowance has been made for his status as an amateur in scientific and philosophic thought, he can hardly be said to have grasped the most progressive thinking of his day." An even sadder spectacle, of course, was Adams' vanity: only a man who had never learned the meaning of humility would have tried to reduce all that happened since time began to "a fixed science."

We don't need to be told that there have been other lonely members of the Adams family. We scarcely need to be reminded of old John Quincy Adams, who never could understand why he didn't appeal to the average American. "The Presidency," Brooks Adams has told us, "was the tragedy of our grandfather's life because it injected into his mind the first doubt as to whether there were a God, and whether this life had a purpose . . . In other words he was disappointed because he was not supernatural."

Child of the Herrenvolk

HEAVEN PAYS NO DIVIDENDS. By Richard Kaufmann. Viking. $3.50.

By FRANCIS X. DUGGAN

THE story of Roderich Stamm, *Heaven Pays No Dividends* is set in the Germany of Hitler's rise to power and of the second world war. It shows Stamm as a child in his father's household, as a student, as a tourist and convalescent in various parts of Europe, as a lance-corporal in the Wehrmacht through the victorious blitzkrieg in the west and the disastrous Russian winter campaigns, and finally as a wandering, rootless amputee in a disillusioned and ruined Germany.

Kaufmann describes the Nazi activity of the prewar Reich, in which the entire population was called upon to take a part, as "a kind of organized agitation in the void," and his book points the emptiness of that activity. Indeed, the book demonstrates the futility of Stamm's and Stamm's father's generations. And from the novel emerges the spectacle of a people, no more debased or ill-intentioned than the rest of men, led to infamy and ruin through subservience to misguided leaders.

Seldom, however, does the novel rise above the level of mere narrative statement: there is little rendering of emotion, little re-creation of experience. At his worst, Kaufmann attempts to establish atmosphere by the mention of specific place-names, and he resorts to such shop-worn habits as those of referring to the unnamed leader as "HE," and of generalized and oversimplified characterization of races: ". . . the Sicilians are quite satisfied with things as they are, and that is a good doctrine. They simply don't want to be any better off."

But these are, as I have indicated, Kaufmann's worst faults, and they are not especially grievous ones. In general the novel is adequately done, and characterized by neither great failings nor great virtues. Kaufmann's closest approaches to the actualization of experience come late in the book, in passages describing Stamm's wounding in the Russian campaign and the bombing of the hospital in which he is quartered. Here swift, moving description and a focus on meaningful detail bring the prose to life and into its fullest dimension, and sardonic portraits of Nazi officialdom extend the gen-

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eral picture of disillusion and decay.

Toward the end of the novel the mere piling-up of events—the totality of military defeat, death, suicide, the destruction of all family and personal ties, and the disintegration of national life—amounts to a gigantic disaster whose totality and immediacy are somehow felt.

Nevertheless, even here the emotional or imaginative quality of the writing does not equal or embrace the mere physical disaster. Despite Kaufmann's occasional irony, subtlety, and symbolism, the book is not quite successful fiction. The translation, though decent, is undistinguished.

CATHOLIC AUTHORS. Vol. II. Edited by Matthew Hoehn, O.S.B. St. Mary's Abbey (Newark, N. J.) $6.50.

FOR those who take comfort in numbers it will be reassuring that the assiduous editor of these two volumes of short biographies has been able to dig up a thousand modern authors who are Catholics and have actually published books. Nearly four hundred have been unearthed during the last five years. A few of them are recent converts, but the great bulk of them have come to the editor's attention since the publication of his first compendium. Each biography is informal and largely narrative in style; such comment as there is in a critical direction is on the favorable side. Like the editor's previous study, this supplementary volume will be in great demand in Catholic schools for reference work.

REVIEWERS

Harold C. Hinton teaches at Georgetown University.

Jean Holzhauer is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in the *Catholic Messenger* (Davenport, Iowa) and other Catholic publications.

Wayne Andrews is the author of *The Vanderbilt Legend, Battle for Chicago* and other studies of Americana.

Francis X. Duggan is working in the American Civilization program at the University of Pennsylvania.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OURSELVES

"In America the word 'capitalism' may call forth images of poor but honest boys scaling the Wall Street heights and then turning into wise, well-barbered men of distinction who serve superior highballs. In Europe the word often has less pleasant associations—long hours, low pay, exploitation and industrial serfdom. We may point out that through Marshall Plan help, French wages are even better than they were in 1938. But they were low in 1938 and they are still low. A great deal of antagonism to the U. S., the capitalistic country **par excellence,** can be traced to this. This, too, would be true even if there were no Soviet propaganda machines at work.

"It is increasingly important that our propaganda efforts in Europe stress the fundamental, basic reasons for resisting Russian Communism. Communism is an evil thing not because it is anti-capitalist and opposed to the 'American way of life' but because it is anti-human and opposed to any human way of life. There is a difference between the anti-Communism of a papal encyclical and that of an NAM luncheon address. The latter might arouse excitement here, but it would probably leave a European audience cold. There are many people in the world, we should remember, who do not seriously envy us our refrigerators and our television. But they can be reached by a campaign of truth which puts proper stress on the real reasons for rejecting Marxism.

"In the long run these reasons have only a remote connection with the 'American way of life' or even the American form of government. We value our own traditions and our own ways, of course, but even while we counteract lies by telling the truth about ourselves we can make it clear that we are not trying to impose our way on others. And that, incidentally, is one of the most appealing truths we can tell about our way."

From THE COMMONWEAL

May 5, 1950

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has already appeared in The COMMONWEAL. The book, like all the books which appear on this page, will be published on September 11th. The price will be $3.50

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by JOHN FITZSIMONS

We found this book full of surprises and good sense. For instance, the author is all for women in public life and business, but he says too many of them are still trying to be as like men as possible, just as though they thought men superior to themselves—an insidious notion it is high time they got over. We hardly know whether to recommend this book more to women or men: we can think of so many of each who could read it with advantage. $2.50

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by FATHER X

If you have wondered what the author of "Everybody Calls Me Father" would write next, you need wonder no longer—or anyway not after September 11th. It would be silly to tell you the story—you will be reading it no doubt. $2.00

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With a foreword by Bishop Sheen

The author and Bishop Sheen believe that Confucius is among those who make straight the way of the Lord, and he will, Dr. Sih says, point the way to Christ for all China as he did for Dr. Sih. It is a fascinating idea—neither author nor bishop, by the way, sees China's present situation as anything but a temporary setback. Frontis. $3.00

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The September **Trumpet** will have a review of or an extract from each of these books and the dozen others we shall be publishing this Fall. If you don't get it, it's no fault of ours—Lucy MacGill is panting to send it to you.

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